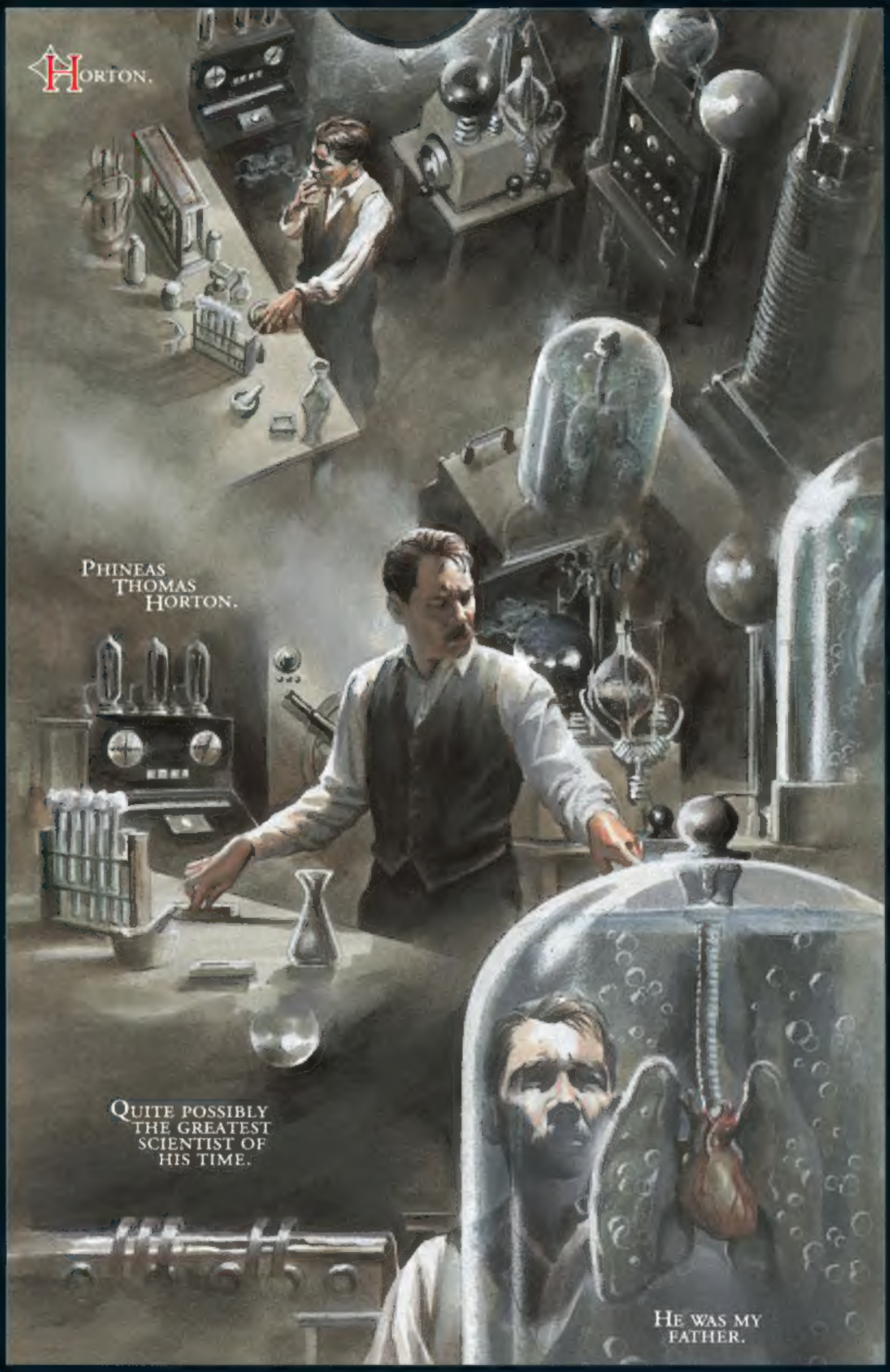
MARVELS™

"IT IS WITH CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTY THAT I REMEMBER THE ORIGINAL ERA OF MY BEING..."
– Mary Shelley
Frankenstein


HORTON.
PHINEAS
THOMAS
HORTON.
QUITE POSSIBLY
THE GREATEST
SCIENTIST OF
HIS TIME.
HE WAS MY
FATHER.

HIS DISCOVERIES FAR OUTNUMBERED THOSE OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

YEARS AHEAD OF HIS TIME, HORTON'S ADVANCED KNOWLEDGE OF STEEL AND SYNTHETICS, COUPLED WITH A GREATER UNDERSTANDING OF THE HUMAN MIND, MADE HIM THE ENVY AND ODDITY OF THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY.

FOR HIM, SCIENCE WAS THE MEANS BY WHICH HE COULD ACHIEVE HIS GOAL – TO UNLOCK THE DEEPER SECRETS OF CREATION ITSELF.

AS HE WITHSTOOD THE SKEPTICISM AND JEERS OF HIS COLLEAGUES, HE POOLED HIS RESOURCES TOWARD THE REALIZATION OF HIS GOAL.

THE STRESS OF HIS LIFE'S WORK WOULD CULMINATE IN ME.

I CANNOT RECALL IT PERFECTLY, BUT IN MY FIRST MOMENT OF CONSCIOUSNESS, SOMETHING UNPREDICTED

OCCURRED.

DUE TO SOME FLAW IN MY ORIGINAL CONCEPTION, MY BODY HAD AN INCENDIARY REACTION TO THE CONTACT WITH AIR.

DESPITE [illegible]
I REMAINED
COMPLETELY
UNHARMED.
AND ONCE
THE SUPPLY
OF OXYGEN
WAS CUT OFF...

...THE
DESTRUC-
TIVE EFFECT
CEASED, AND
I RETURNED
TO MY FOR-
MER INERT
STATE.

PHINEAS HORTON WAS
LIKE A MODERN DAY
PROMETHEUS, STEALING
FIRE FROM THE HEAV-
ENS AND HANDING
A HUMAN TORCH
DOWN TO MAN.

THE FIRST OF
THOSE TO SEE ME
WERE TERRIFIED
BY MY PECULIAR
ABILITY.

HOWEVER, MANKIND WAS NOT
YET READY FOR THIS GIFT,
AND HORTON WAS SCORNED
FOR CREATING A POTENTIAL
MENACE.

PHILLIES

BEFORE MY LIFE COULD BE DISPOSED OF BY THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY, MY FATHER ABATED THE PUBLIC PRESSURE BY SEALING ME AWAY.

I WAS PLACED IN A FOSTER HOME MADE ENTIRELY OUT OF STONE...

...AWAY FROM THE OXYGEN...

...AWAY FROM THE CROWDS.

SOME HOPED MY IMPRISONMENT WOULD BE PERMANENT, BUT MY FATHER HAD OTHER PLANS FOR ME.

HE PROVIDED A WAY FOR ME TO BE EDUCATED WHILE CONFINED TO MY CONCRETE TOMB, UNTIL SUCH A TIME AS HE COULD CURE OR CONTROL MY EXTRAORDINARY AFFLICTION.

I SPENT THIS TIME, WHICH SEEMED LIKE YEARS, IN A VIRTUALLY LIFELESS STATE.

I WAS TAUGHT THE NAMES OF OBJECTS THAT I COULD NOT SEE, TOUCH OR SMELL.

I COULD ONLY ENVISION THEM, AND WITH NO FRAME OF REFERENCE, IT WAS NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE FROM THE VERY BEGINNING.

I WAS LEARNING A GREAT DEAL ABOUT THE WORLD, AND EVEN MORE ABOUT THE PAIN OF A FORCED SOLITUDE.

I WAS AWARE OF EVERYTHING...

...UNDERSTANDING NOTHING.

I COULD BARELY COMPREHEND WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO ME IN THE COURSE OF MY SHORT LIFE.

I HAD BEEN RIPPED FROM MY ORIGINAL WOMB AND THRUST INTO A WORLD WHERE EVERY NOISE WAS EQUAL TO A SCREAM.

I HAD GONE FROM THE SECURITY OF DARKNESS TO A PLACE WHERE LIGHT BLAZED FROM EVERY DIRECTION.

AND YET, AS I BECAME AWARE OF THESE SENSATIONS...

...AS MY EYES,. MY EARS, AND MY SKIN WOULD FOCUS UPON THESE...

...THEY DISAPPEARED.

AND I ONCE AGAIN WOULD FALL BACK INTO THE DARKNESS AND SILENCE WHICH LACKED THE COMFORT THEY ONCE HELD.

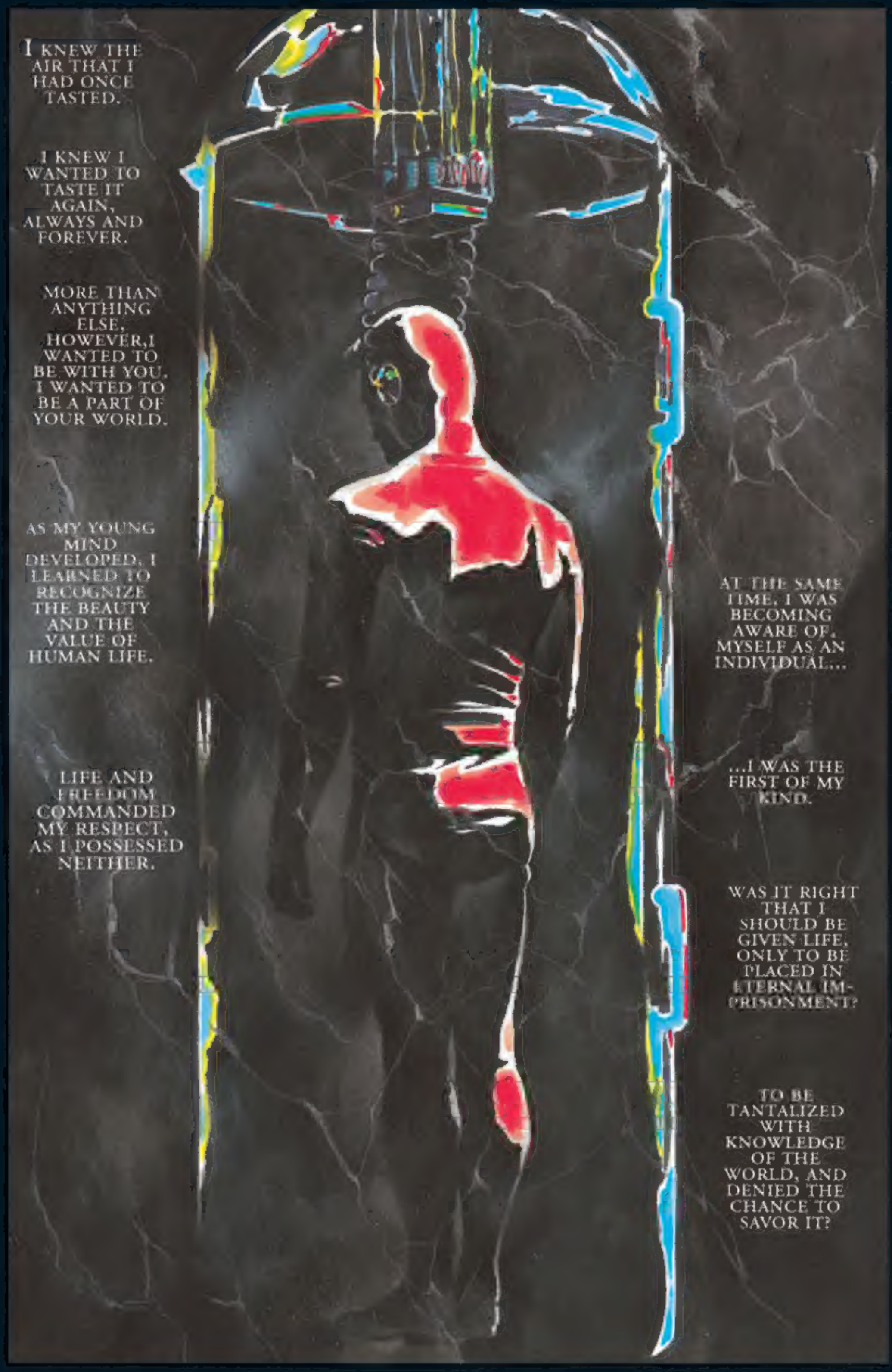
THEY WERE NOW ONLY MOCKING REMINDERS OF ALL THAT WAS DENIED ME.

MY FATHER BROUGHT ME INTO THIS WORLD AND KEPT ME ALIVE WHEN OTHERS WOULD HAVE ME DESTROYED.

WHY, THEN, DID HE ALLOW ME THIS TORMENT? WAS HE SO EASILY WILLING TO FORSAKE ME?

WAS IT POSSIBLE THAT, WHILE I BELIEVED IN HIM AS A FATHER...

...HE DID NOT BELIEVE IN ME AS A SON?


I KNEW THE AIR THAT I HAD ONCE TASTED.
I KNEW I WANTED TO TASTE IT AGAIN, ALWAYS AND FOREVER.
MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, HOWEVER, I WANTED TO BE WITH YOU. I WANTED TO BE A PART OF YOUR WORLD.
AS MY YOUNG MIND DEVELOPED, I LEARNED TO RECOGNIZE THE BEAUTY AND THE VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE.
LIFE AND FREEDOM COMMANDED MY RESPECT, AS I POSSESSED NEITHER.
AT THE SAME TIME, I WAS BECOMING AWARE OF MYSELF AS AN INDIVIDUAL...
...I WAS THE FIRST OF MY KIND.
WAS IT RIGHT THAT I SHOULD BE GIVEN LIFE, ONLY TO BE PLACED IN ETERNAL IMPRISONMENT?
TO BE TANTALIZED WITH KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD, AND DENIED THE CHANCE TO SAVOR IT?

SALVATION FINALLY CAME.

A TINY CRACK IN MY CONCRETE SURROUNDINGS BROUGHT IN THE SWEET AIR THAT I HAD CRAVED FOR SO LONG.

IN ONE ABRUPT MOMENT, A CATACLYSMIC BURST OF COLOR, LIGHT AND SOUND –

I WAS FREE.

AS AT THE MOMENT OF MY BIRTH.

I SCREAMED.

I WAS FINALLY FREE TO BREATHE AGAIN – TO FEEL THE RUSH OF HEAT ANIMATE MY FRAME.

MY FATHER TRIED TO CALL ME BACK...

... BUT KNOWING WHAT HE HAD DENIED ME, I RAN...

...AFRAID OF BEING IMPRISONED AGAIN.

I RAN BLINDLY INTO THE NIGHT, AND EXPERIENCED AGAIN THE PANIC AND ASTONISHMENT THAT MY MENACING APPEARANCE PROVOKED IN PEOPLE.

I HAVE SINCE LEARNED TO CONTROL MY CONDITION...

...AND HAVE COME TO MEAN SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT TO THIS SOCIETY IN WHICH I NOW BELONG.

AS I HAVE LEARNED SINCE, I WAS NOT THE FIRST ANOMALY TO EXIST...

...BUT ON THAT DAY OF MY FREEDOM IN 1939, THIS WORLD HAD ITS FIRST CONFRONTAION WITH THE FANTASTIC.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF MIRACLES WOULD BEGIN, AND IN THE YEARS TO COME, THE WORLD WOULD KNOW THE PRESENCE OF THE UNNATURAL AND EXTRAORDINARY AS PART OF REALITY.